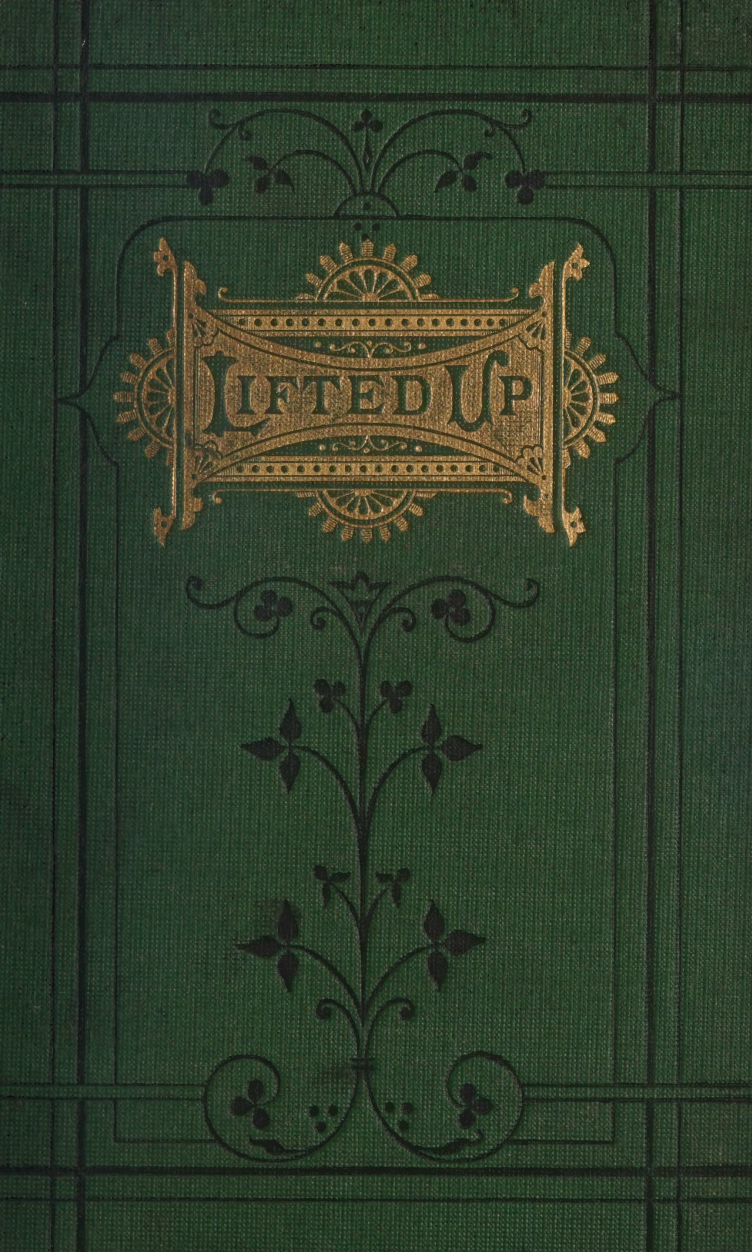
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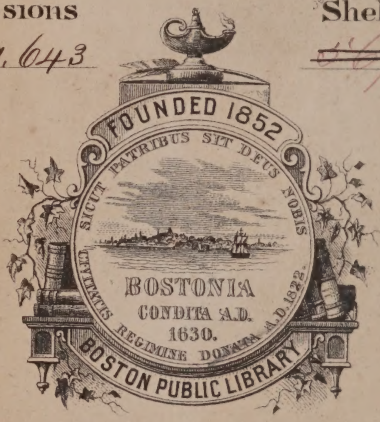

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"LIFTED UP."

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THE

LIFE OF WALTER DOUGLAS.

"I will extol thee, O Lord, for thou hast LIFTED ME UP."
PSALM XXX. 1.

BOSTON:
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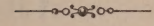
PREFACE.



Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, once pleasant suburban resorts of London citizens, but long ago overflowed by the advancing tide of population, are now, as is well known, among the most crowded and destitute districts of the East End. A certain odor of past prosperity still lingers about many of the streets; and in Bethnal Green especially, there are quarters which, as far as appearances go, would compare favorably with many other parts of London. But behind these quiet streets, the visitor may find courts and alleys which make no pretence of hiding their squalid poverty. Very black is the mud of those narrow lanes; very dingy the aspect of the houses; and

the clothes and faces of the inbabitants reflect the prevailing hue. The brightest things to be seen are the lights of the gin shops.

Enter some of those dilapidated dwellings; look into the filthy, disordered rooms which are the abodes of whole families; listen to the common talk of old and young; and you may wonder that this wealthy country, with its loud profession of Christ, should permit its poor to be so wretchedly housed, and their children to be abandoned, as in many instances they are, to the training of the streets.

Surely the cry of suffering from that East of London enters into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. But those who most need pity seldom make any conscious appeal to God — they know so little about him, and have so little hope in him. Beer and gin are their remedies for all troubles. Trade may be dull, shops may be empty, but nevertheless clusters of slipshod women and sullen

men may be seen all the evening about the doors of the public houses, and even tiny children run in and out, with bottles clasped tight in their poor skinny arms. Hunger and misery naturally create a craving for stimulants.

In these dark places are to be found godly ministers of the gospel and Christian laborers, trying, in different ways, to win souls and relieve distress; and God blesses the faithful preaching of his word. But these efforts, however valuable in themselves, are partial, and in some instances inconstant. Some persons are benefited; the surface of things is improved; but a solid mass of godlessness and misery remains undisturbed.

The most devoted servants of Christ are borne down with the burden of the work, and appeal earnestly for helpers. The East of London needs, not a few standard-bearers, but an army of zealous Christians; not mere routine workers going through a set task, but consecrated souls, full of the Holy Ghost,

fired with the love of Christ; evangelists, able to speak from the heart to the heart; who will not count their lives dear to themselves, so that they may accomplish the ministry they have received of the Lord. God is able to raise up children unto Abraham of the very stones of the streets; and can he not raise up servants to Christ even from the midst of that mass of heathenism and misery?

The history of the last few years of increased Christian activity is rich in illustrations of the grace of God and the power of his gospel, of which the following narrative, now for the first time put together in a complete form, is, perhaps, not the least striking. It is hoped that it may prove profitable to souls, and may stimulate the prayers and efforts of Christians on behalf of the perishing multitudes at home and abroad.

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LIFE OF WALTER DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER I.

A LOOK INTO A WINDOW.

ONE day, early in the spring of 1863, an open-air service was held in a street of the East End. It was one of many such services, and the name of the preacher, and what he said, are alike unknown. Probably the address was simple, with little of that "wisdom of words" which is apt to make the cross of Christ "of none effect."

Among the listeners was a man who seemed to have reached the lowest depth of human misery. Emaciated by disease

and want, his once powerful frame had little strength or vitality left, and as he crept along the street, the only expression in his piercing eye was that of utter despair.

Perhaps the preacher went home that day repeating the old lament, "Who hath believed our report?" He did not know that the word of God had probed the conscience of one of the most miserable of his hearers, deepening former convictions, and leading him to feel, as he had never felt before, the bitterness of sin, and the awful peril of an immortal soul at enmity with God.

A few evenings later it happened in the course of providence, that this same poor man, after wandering aimlessly about during the day, turned into Gosset Street, Bethnal Green, and stopped before a blacksmith's shop. It was a dingy, wooden shed, with a small square window, in which might be seen a number of Scripture texts: —

"*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*"

"*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*"

"*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"

"*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

Inside the shop, at that moment, the blacksmith was on his knees in prayer, and the burden of his petition was the salvation of the people among whom he lived. On rising, he looked through the window, and caught sight of the dejected countenance of the poor wanderer.

The servant of Christ did not love in word only, but in deed. He saw at once that here was a fellow-creature ready to perish, and that therefore he was bound to help him. Although poor himself, he did not tell him to "apply to the parish," nor did he

close his purse with the excuse that probably the man was not "a deserving object." Ah, good friends, if we all had our deserts, what would become of us? The poor man read the texts wearily, and was about to pass on his way through the pitiless streets, when the blacksmith tapped at the window, and invited him to enter the shop.

He did so, and in reply to questions, he said, among other things, that his name was Douglas, and that he came from America, where he had once been in good circumstances.

"Let us kneel down," said the blacksmith, presently, "and I will ask God to bless you."

Astonished, but unresisting, the man bent his knees and listened with deep emotion, while fervent supplication was made on his behalf.

The blacksmith then gave him some little

money, and invited him to come again, for he regarded the succoring of the distressed as a privilege to be courted, rather than a disagreeable duty to be got rid of as cheaply as possible.

The poor man did call again, and after some serious conversation promised to go, on the following Friday evening, to Brown's Lane Chapel, Spitalfields. Notwithstanding his unhappy condition, he prided himself on being "a man of his word," and kept the appointment, but the service was nearly over when he entered the building. On coming out he met his friend, the blacksmith, who gave him some further help, and then appealed on his behalf to several persons at the chapel door. They were poor working people, but they put together 1s. 9d., and handed it to him, promising to bear him up in prayer before the Lord.

He could not but be touched by such brotherly sympathy; it was a kind of testimony for Christ which could not be gainsaid.

But he retired to his lodging more distressed in mind than ever, for his conscience was now fully awakened, and the burden of life-long transgression pressed upon his soul with intolerable force. Little or no energy or hope was left in him, and had he not dreaded the future, he would have longed for death. What could be done for him? Many persons would reply, "Nothing!" But the people who met him at the chapel thought otherwise. They had felt in their own hearts the love of Christ, and knew the gospel to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." They had seen examples, too, of that grace of God by which he chooses "base things," and "things despised," in

order that no flesh should glory in his presence. They did not, therefore, despair of seeing this child of sorrow become a new man in Christ.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANSWER TO THE PRAYERS.

IN High Street, Whitechapel, not far from the church, a public house and a pawnbroker's shop stand conveniently side by side, separated only by a narrow passage known as George Yard, one of the most poverty-stricken spots in London. A door in the wall of a building on the right hand opens into a lofty room, which once formed part of a distillery, but has now for many years been used as a place of worship and a ragged school.

If you enter the room in the daytime, you will probably see the floor closely packed with children, another row of little

ones on the platform, and a crowd of infants in the capacious gallery. A paler or more ragged set of urchins could hardly be met with, even in the East of London. Intelligent and affectionate as other children, and with souls like those who are better born, but uncared for by their parents, uncared for by the state — cast out into the streets to fare how they may; such is the history of most.

Mr. George Holland gathers these neglected little ones into his school, and about ten thousand such have passed through his hands during the last few years.

On entering the school, the first glance shows that many of the children are half-naked, and a closer examination reveals the fact that numbers of them are but half fed. It is a part of Mr. Holland's work to feed the starving ones. That large copper in one corner is filled every day, at certain seasons

of the year, with excellent soup, which keeps the life in many a frail little body. Kind friends supply the means, and occasionally send clothes, which are distributed among the most destitute — not given, but *lent*, so as to secure them from the pawnshop; but it is easy to see that the supply of garments is far too small for the tattered and often shoeless little crowd.

The ragged school is by no means all the work done at George Yard. Meetings of different kinds are held in the evenings of the week; and on Sunday evenings the gospel is preached in its simplicity to a large audience of those very poor people who are never seen in ordinary places of worship.

To one of these services Douglas found his way, a day or two after his visit to Brown's Lane Chapel. Mr. Holland was the preacher that evening, and he could not

but observe the gaunt, half-clad figure leaning against the wall in an angle of the room, in an attitude of fixed attention. Without doubt Christ was lifted up, but the poor man beheld him not. The accumulated guilt of his past life occupied the whole range of his thoughts. The gospel seemed to him a message rather of death than of life, and a horror of great darkness settled upon his spirit.

The sermon ended, he was on the point of leaving the room, with the intention of going to the river to drown himself, when he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, and Mr. Holland spoke a few tender words in his ear, full of Christian sympathy. Then several brethren knelt in prayer on his behalf; and as he listened to their earnest pleadings, the current of his thoughts was changed, and some faint gleams of hope entered his distracted mind.

Mr. W. J. Lewis, who had been Mr. Holland's principal helper, and was at this time laboring at the Gospel Hall in Princes Street, Spitalfields, happened to be present, and by Mr. Holland's request he spoke to Douglas; but as he had then little time to spare, he arranged to meet him another day at the Gospel Hall. Douglas went there accordingly, and in the course of a long conversation, he opened his heart to his new friend, and was told something of the divine love to guilty men.

And how little can any of us tell of that wonderful story! We skim the surface, but we cannot sound the depths of that fathomless sea. O, to know the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge! To know it, not by hearsay, but by heart; not at intervals, but always; not partially, but to the full of our capacity. Set forth in what manner it may, how glorious that gospel of Christ!

How simple, and yet how marvellous, how godlike!

And what had the desperate man to say, when these great truths were pressed upon him? He said he knew all that was in the Bible, for he had learnt it on purpose to dispute it, and deny it, and disbelieve it. He had studied Paine and Voltaire, and given credence to them against the Scriptures. But now all that was changed; his own bitter experiences, his deep convictions of sin, had taught him the hollowness of infidelity, and the truth of the Bible.

His agony of soul was intense, and he exclaimed wildly that "others might be saved, but Christ could not save a wretch like him." What followed may be best related in Mr. Lewis's own words:—

"His features were contorted, and he positively writhed in agony, declaring that there was nothing but hell for him: wherever

he walked, he was upon the brink of the pit, and he expected every moment to fall into it. 'O, sir, pity a poor wretch,' sobbed he; 'I have not dared to close my eyes for nights in sleep, lest I should wake up in hell; and sometimes when, for a few minutes, slumber will get the better of me, I spring up, with a shriek and a start, with the sensation that I am falling into the flames.'

"Much earnest prayer was made for him, and days of deep anxiety to myself and others passed, but not one gleam of light entered his stricken soul. At last, one evening the Lord enabled him to come to the determination to cling alone to the cross, and that if God smote him, it should be there. I repeated to him three verses of a hynm: —

'Prostrate I'll lie before the throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps admit my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there,

'I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.'

"He left the Gospel Hall with the resolute determination to cling to the cross, despite all.

"I could not here describe our many truly painful interviews. One evening I had a conversation with him, pressing the truth home as the word of God himself — God's word — God speaking to us; urging that it was our duty to believe and rely on what God says, because he says it, and showing the fearful sin of doubting his word. The Lord spake through me, and taught me to show how Faith put out her hand and grasped the precious promises as her own. At the

meeting I read portions of the 119th Psalm, wherein the Psalmist expresses his hope in God's word, and I made a few remarks thereon. At the close of the meeting he called me to him. I saw at once the alteration in his countenance. 'O, sir,' said he 'such a calm has come over me; my burden is going. O, I hope this calm will not go away.' The next time I saw him he was rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

"On the night of the opening of the New Gospel Hall, Douglas spoke of the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse, and dwelt on what the Lord had done for him, as the reason why his note should swell to the praise and glory of redeeming love. He said that recently, as he walked the streets, so miserable was he in appearance, that the boys would follow and cry after him.

"I cannot offer any remarks on this testi-

mony to sovereign love. The more my mind dwells on it, the more I am

'Lost in wonder, love, and praise:'

and though a fruitful theme, I prefer leaving it, praying that the story which shall be told may redound much to the glory of our Heavenly King; and excite in the reader's heart grateful adoration to him who

'moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

'O, for a seraph's golden lyre,
With chords of light and tones of fire,
To sing Emmanuel's love!
To tell redemption's wondrous plan;
How God descended down to man,
That man might rise above!'"

How did Douglas obtain that calm assurance that he was saved? First awakened by the Spirit of God, he simply accepted the gracious invitation of the gospel, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," and cast himself in all his helpless-

ness and sin upon the Lord Jesus Christ. The moment he *in his heart trusted Christ as his Saviour*, the Lord received him, according to his gracious word, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

And being now united to Christ by faith, and made partaker of his life, he was henceforth a changed man; "old things had passed away, all things had become new." Henceforth, in the power of the Holy Spirit, in the likeness of Christ's resurrection, he was to live a holy devoted life — body, soul, and spirit yielded up to God's blessed service.

CHAPTER III.

A CALL TO NEW ZEALAND.

ON the following Friday evening Douglas again went to Brown's Lane Chapel, where he met his friend the blacksmith, and other persons who knew him. At the close of the meeting, he told them of the great change he had undergone, and they praised God together. His outward appearance, too, was changed; for by the care of his new friends he was now decently clad. The abject state into which he had fallen is shown by the simple fact, that the whole of the rags he had worn, when stripped from him, sold for twopence-halfpenny.

From the moment when "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," began to flow into his dark and despairing mind, he desired to tell to others how great things the Lord had done for him; and, as the news of his remarkable conversion circulated, many were anxious to hear the facts from his own lips. Although his health was so shaken by illness and privation, he spoke with great energy, and few listened unmoved to his strange narrative of the grace of God. Christian men of long experience made his acquaintance, and in a very short time gave him their entire confidence.

He was thoroughly in earnest. His heart was fully opened to the teaching of God's word and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and hence he made rapid progress in the Christian life. With him conversion was not a mere change of opinions, nor the adoption of certain religious fashions or

forms; it was a sincere turning from sin, and yielding of the whole being to God, as one "alive from the dead."

A consecrated life is a convincing testimony to the power of the gospel, and genuine godliness in men's daily walk and conversation alone can give due weight to pulpit ministrations. The people saw in Douglas that which satisfied them that he was a truly converted man, and hence they listened to him as one who had a right to speak of the love of Christ to sinners. The whole of his leisure time soon became occupied in evangelistic labors, and the invitations to different places to preach the gospel were more numerous than he could accept.

One day Douglas asked Mr. Lewis to pray that he might be guided in a matter which lay on his heart, but did not mention what it was. Some time afterwards, a letter

from New Zealand appeared in The Revival, appealing for help in the gospel, and then it became known that Douglas wished to go to that colony to labor as an evangelist. Much prayer was made about the matter by his friends, and at numerous prayer meetings, that, if the project were according to the Lord's will, he would be pleased to open up the way. This was in the month of March, 1864, about a twelvemonth after his conversion.

The answer was not long delayed. It happened that a friend had sent Mr. Lewis a sum of money to use at his discretion, and he promised twenty-five pounds towards the expenses of the voyage. Soon afterwards another friend called on Mr. Lewis, and, having heard of the proposal, gave him five pounds; and a third sent fifteen pounds through Walter himself.

The Lord's direction was then sought as

to the ship in which he should sail, and inquiries were made about a large vessel, which at first seemed suitable, but the fares had been raised. Eventually a passsge for Auckland was taken in a smaller vessel, the Mary Warren, advertised to sail on April 25, 1864.

Donations meanwhile continued to flow in from different quarters, until, in all, one hundred and twenty-five pounds had been received, and thus his wants were liberally provided for; but, had the passage been taken in the ship first selected, or had the Mary Warren, sailed punctually at the time announced, this might not have been the case.

Thus the brethren thankfully traced the hand of the Lord in all that had happened.

CHAPTER IV.

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

THE departure of Walter Douglas for New Zealand being thus decided upon, about two hundred of his friends and fellow-workers in the gospel assembled at a parting tea-meeting in the Gospel Hall, Osborn Place, Spitalfields, to offer praise and prayer on his behalf, and to bid him God speed. At this meeting he gave the following account of his life and conversion, which is quoted from a report published at the time in The Revival: —

"I know nothing about my father and mother; they both died when I was young. My father was a care-worn and troubled man.

He once lived in Glasgow, and had a brother there, with whom he agreed to emigrate to America. There his third child died; two had died before. They settled in the State of Indiana, and the present unworthy speaker, then a little child, was reared at Vincennes, on the Wabash River.

"After my father's death I was given over to my uncle. He was an infidel, and his wife an Irish Roman Catholic. He was a dealer in mules, of which we took about six hundred each year into the Southern States — four hundred in the spring, and two hundred in the fall. From the age of ten to twenty-one, I suppose I rode in the saddle about ten thousand miles a year. It was my father's wish that I should be well educated, and my uncle got a Yankee professor of Greek to teach me. I learned the Greek alphabet, and something of Latin, when one day the tutor struck me; I re-

turned the blow, and stretched him on the ground. I ran away, and dared not return for six weeks. My uncle then employed me in trimming mules, and looking after the bell mares. When I became of age, being dissatisfied, I asked my uncle for what belonged to me, and left him. I never saw him after. In two years he died as he had lived, an infidel. Two years subsequently his wife also died. He had twelve children, to each of whom he left a fortune; but he lost one himself, for he lost his soul.

"From the age of twenty-one to twenty-six I was engaged in the cultivation of tobacco, in which I employed seventy-five able-bodied men. I then married, and passed twelve years of great happiness with a Christian wife, who, during all that time, I never heard speak an unkind word, and whose face I never saw ruffled with an angry look. I accumulated a good deal of money. We

had two children, but both died. One night our place took fire, and with difficulty we escaped with our lives. My dear wife became a mother prematurely in consequence of the fright. The child died. I nursed my wife for seven months, and then she died. As she lay, fading away, her face beamed like the face of an angel. I was an infidel, and as I looked into the cold, dark grave, my heart was filled with despair, and I said, wherever her spirit was gone, I would soon follow her and seek it out.

"Up to that time I scarcely knew the taste of ardent spirits; but after leaving that grave, for nearly a fortnight I drank brandy and water day and night, and ate no food. At length nature could bear no more, and I lay helplessly in bed, with an emaciated body, reduced almost to a skeleton. That was two years ago last Christmas. Before that time I had not a gray hair in my head.

I took rheumatic fever, and though I am still a giant in physical strength, compared with my brother Lewis, and could carry him under my arm round the room with ease, yet the work he goes through in a week would kill me. Ah, friends! sin, though forgiven, leaves a scar.

"Last February, twelvemonth, a conscription bill was brought before Congress,* rendering every man between eighteen and forty-five liable to serve in the Federal army. I would not fight against the South, and therefore left America. I intended to go to Australia, but changed my mind (I don't know why), and came to England. On board the steamship I drank brandy until my brain became affected, and I contemplated suicide. Almost everything had been parted with when I landed at Liver-

* This account of himself was given by Walter Douglas in April, 1864.

pool. I had still in my possession, however, a watch worth fifty guineas, and some valuable trinkets appended to it. These were stolen by a crimp, who represented himself to me as an American, made me insensible by giving me liquor which had been drugged, and then turned me adrift. Soon after this I came to London, and wandered about without shirt or shoe. Strange to say, that though at Liverpool, and on my way to London, I had often walked all night, having nowhere to lay my head, after I arrived here, God always sent me enough to pay threepence for a bed. For eight weeks I never ate but as a bird, picking up a crust off your streets, and getting a drink of water. Without friends or food, my favorite resort was Hyde Park, with its green carpet and blue ceiling. Yet I was never more proud than then. The thieves in Whitechapel hated me because I would not

steal, nor condescend to associate with them.

"In the month of June, last year, I was sitting in Hyde Park, with my back against a tree, feeling very ill, and said to myself, 'Douglas, what have you come to?' I thought of my loved wife — of home, when she used to play the piano and sing (for she was an accomplished lady), and sometimes I sang too — sometimes could only sit and listen, loving her too much to sing. But I was a dark, dark infidel, and no ray of hope or joy lit up my painful recollections. Two nurses passed while I was reclining there. After they had passed, I heard one say, 'O, I should be afraid to go near him.' I knew they were talking about me, and I felt angry, though even in Whitechapel my strange appearance frightened the women. The other nurse, however, said, 'I am not afraid of the poor man; he is not going to hurt

us.' She approached me, and spoke such words of sympathy and kindness, that I told her my whole history. The first tears I remember to have shed for years were under the soothing, searching words of that dear Christian nurse. 'Ah, sir,' she said, 'God wants you for some special work. I believe he will raise you up from this sad condition, and make you know better days than you have ever thought of.' She put a shilling in my hand and left me. I have never seen her since, and I suppose I never shall till we meet in glory. Think what God has wrought! I was a fool because of my iniquity. I said there was no God, and God was breaking me to pieces, and bursting the bonds of my infidelity, to prove to me that there was a God of love.

"The second appeal which God made to my heart in London was by a city missionary, who met me in the street; he gave me

the price of a cup of coffee, and made me promise to use the money for that purpose. I did so, for my word has always been my bond. It was the first cup of coffee I had tasted for four months.* A third time God

* This statement is corroborated by the missionary himself. In an article in The Sword and Trowel, for May, 1868, we find the following quotation from the City Mission Magazine: "Two years ago there was to be seen at the Haymarket by night a person of dark complexion, a native of North America, who was known among the outcast and beggars by the name of 'Yankee.' I had several conversations with him, and found him to be an educated man, and that his father had been possessed of large property in America, which fell to him, and which he disposed of and came to England. Here he fell into bad company, and soon ran through his money, till by degrees he became utterly destitute of home, food, and almost clothing, and no man gave unto him. In this condition I found him one night, and gave him a cup of coffee, and ever afterwards I used to speak to him of that Saviour who came to seek and to save the lost, which appeared to make a deep impression on his mind. All at once I lost sight of poor 'Yankee,' till I went to the May meetings last May, and found a copy of The Revival paper on one of the seats, which contained an account of my old friend. It stated that as he was walking up Whitechapel on one occasion, he wandered into a

spoke to me by a German, who, observing my destitute condition, went into a shop and bought a loaf. The beautiful simplicity of his apology, as he offered it to me, went to my heart. I could not eat the loaf, and so gave it away to the first poor creature I met.

"A short time after this, I was passing through Bethnal Green; I saw a notice in a shop window, which I stopped to look at. It was a bill inviting soldiers to Christ. This thought came into my mind: 'I wonder if Christ would have anything to do with me.' Some one tapped at the window, the door was opened, and out walked a man, who took me in, and spoke to me of Christ. I felt here was a man who cared for me.

meeting, which led to his conversion to Almighty God, and being an educated man, he was afterwards ordained to go as a missionary abroad. While giving an account of his conversion he related the kindness he received from the missionary, in connection with other things, as having led to his decision for the Lord Jesus Christ."

This melted me down, and I wept, and told him all. He said, 'God can raise you up, and he will, if you trust in Jesus.' He asked me to meet him the next evening, at a prayer meeting. I went, and it was not words merely; it was real prayer. I continued to go to Brown's Lane, and then I was led to George Yard. I heard dear brother J. preaching Christ in a house opposite, and then I went into the schoolroom, where I heard Mr. Holland. I intended to leave as soon as it was over, but dear brother Holland came and threw his arm round me, and thus saved me from going over London Bridge that night, for my soul was so distracted that I was determined to put an end to myself. He said, 'You shall not sink any lower than you are. We'll raise a band of praying men around you, and God will save you yet.' O, bless God! Can I ever cease to praise him?

"I went after this to the Gospel Hall, Princes Street (Mr. Lewis's former meeting-room), and at last dear brother Lewis got hold of my hand, and put it into Christ's hand; and then I knew Jesus as my Saviour, and God as my Father.

"I got work, some of the hardest work in London, fell under a load of iron, and injured my back. At last I threw myself right into the Lord's arms, saying, 'Now I am willing to go anywhere, or do anything, thou wouldst have me.' The Lord replied, 'I have a work for thee to do.' I was like a man who has escaped shipwreck: he does not kneel down and keep thanking God for his deliverance; he looks about for a rope to throw to his mates on the wreck, and thanks God afterwards; so I wanted to tell my fellow-men of the Saviour I had found.

"It was put into my heart to go to New Zealand, and at the Sussex Hall daily

prayer meeting I put in a request for prayer for the Lord's direction. The brethren said, 'That's Douglas,' although there was no clew by which it could be known. I did not mention my purpose to dear brother Lewis till after all my other friends knew it (though for months he had, in answer to my request, been praying the Lord to direct me in 'a certain matter,' without knowing what that matter was), for I knew his love to me, and how desirous he would naturally be to further my wishes."

While Douglas spoke, adds the report from which we quote, there was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

THE Mary Warren had been advertised to sail on April 25, but delays are common with ships bound on long voyages, and she did not actually leave Gravesend till May 21.

On Sunday evening, the 8th of May, Walter Douglas preached for the last time in the Gospel Hall, from Acts xx. 24. The hall was full, and it was a solemn service.

On the Thursday following, a number of Douglas's friends again met at the hall finally to commend their brother to the Lord; and so he left this country, enveloped, as it were, by prayer.

Mr. Lewis and five other friends accompanied him to Gravesend. Having learnt that it was uncertain when the vessel would sail, four returned to town, Mr. Lewis and one other remaining to pass the night on board the vessel.

They could not go down into the saloon, for it was a scene of drunken riot; — dancing, drinking, singing, and ribaldry — such was the preparation of the passengers for setting sail on the perilous deep. The watchers on deck, listening to the din below, looked up to the calm starlit sky, and besought the Lord to convert these careless souls.

Next morning, the three friends went on shore to breakfast, and spent some happy hours together, after which they returned with Douglas to the ship, and there bade him good by. As he mounted the ladder at the ship's side, Mr. Lewis grasped his

hand for the last time. Douglas ran up to the poop, and cried after him, as the boat moved away, "Glory to the Lord Jesus!"

Mr. Lewis pointed above, and said, "My faith looks up to Thee!"

Douglas rejoined, "Tell all dear friends I go away calm and peaceful, rejoicing in Jesus; and if all the wealth of Victoria's realms were laid at my feet, I would not forego my object. No, no; not if I were certain of martyrdom at the stake one year hence in New Zealand."

"Ah, brother beloved!" thought Mr. Lewis, "how changed art thou! — but a short time back an infidel, without one ray of hope. 'What hath God wrought!'"

After an unexpected delay of nearly a fortnight, the Mary Warren started on her voyage on Saturday, May, 21, 1864. Before the pilot quitted the ship, Walter Douglas wrote three letters to Mr. Lewis, for

whom he had conceived a strong affection, as the Lord's instrument in leading him into the peace of God.

Here are the letters, full of life and force, and of love to the Lord and his people: —

"Friday Evening, May 20.

"VERY DEAR FRIEND: My father in the gospel, my dearly beloved brother in the Lord Jesus and the dearest of all to Walter Douglas, may grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied exceedingly to you, to your companion in life, to your beloved charge in the Lord Jesus at the Gospel Hall, Spitalfields, to all the Lord's own loved, blood-bought, and blood-washed ones in London, in England, throughout the world, is the last and most fervent wish of the man whom the Lord has made you the doubly-honored instrument of first leading to Jesus, and next of sending forth, in the ful-

ness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, to the regions beyond, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. . . . May this remembrance oft cheer your heart and strengthen your hand to every good word and work!

"How do I feel? Calmly, steadily, lovingly, peacefully, prayerfully, hopefully, joyfully, am I now going, for Jesus is with me, and his Spirit has given me the peace of God, which passeth understanding. . . . This is my last tribute of love and gratitude to God, to you, to all who have either by word, hand, or wish, contributed in the smallest degree to the sending forth the ambassador of the cross to the far off isles of the sea; but more, nay, most particularly, to the poor in this world but rich in grace, at the Gospel Hall in Osborn Place. . . . Our captain has just stepped on board, and told me we shall sail at daylight. I then entered into my precious little closet,

shut to the door, and then — well, the Lord knows the *then*."

"Sunday Morning, May 22.

"Off Beachy Head. Well, poor Douglas is really ill, so much so that he will have to keep his berth to-day; and the only sorrowful thought that he has, is that he will not be able, he fears, to preach Christ publicly on board this day. . . . Blessed be God, were these the last marks Douglas shall ever make upon paper, he can truly state, 'the love of Christ constraineth me,' and well it ought. . . . Only think, dear brother, the state of soul and body I was in this day twelvemonth, when wandering a wretched outcast in a strange land, sick, sad, and robbed, with a desolate heart I was wending my way; not knowing, not caring where I was going, only wishing the grave might cover all my desolation; having *no* hope, and without God in the

world. And now! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise his holy name forever! O, send up another note of praise to the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful work of grace in the soul of Walter Douglas. Surely I have been snatched from the burning, have had my filthy garments taken off, and been clothed in the beautiful garments of Christ's righteousness — 'Complete in him!'

"I asked the captain, as he directed the passengers to be mustered to see that they were all right, as we were now nearing the Isle of Wight, if he had any objection to my preaching to the souls on board the ship. 'Any objection, Mr. Douglas! No, sir; I am most delighted to think you will do it.' . . . I wish you could have witnessed the delight with which they learned that I should go down between decks and preach to them, as the mate had told them poor Douglas was

too ill to do so. O, it was so precious to witness the more than anxious desire for the blessed word of the Lord. I assure you poor Douglas forgot for one hour and a half that there was such a thing as illness in the good ship. There was no trouble in preaching Christ Jesus from 1 Tim. i. 15; and, bless the Lord, it has been the very best dose of medicine I ever took; and then, when I bade them good night in my Master's name, the burst of hearty 'Good-night, sir,' and 'God bless you, sir,' and so on, was most cheering.

"As I went upon the upper deck, there stood the captain and officers, who had been listening. The captain could not speak, but gave my hand such a hearty grasp, as I shall never forget. 'God bless you, dear captain, and your precious ship,' was all the *rich* Douglas could say; for I know I feel a richer man this happy evening than ever did

a Rothschild. The last news is good news; and now pray, pray, pray, and then praise, praise, praise. A 'little while,' and then glory, glory, glory, with our blessed Jesus. God forever bless you and prosper your work!

"Monday, May 23.

"With that loved name (Jesus) last upon my pen, as I pray it may be last upon my tongue on earth and first upon my tongue in glory, I must say good by to all my loved ones for a 'little while.' Ever till then, yours in Jesus, and in looking for his coming. Jesus, Jesus! May it ever be none, none, none but Jesus."

When the love of God has been shed abroad in a man's heart by the Holy Ghost, he can be happy anywhere; whether on board ship or on land he can enjoy communion with his Lord, and find opportunities

of serving him. To other persons, however, a long voyage may be excessively dull and tiresome. If there be much calm weather, as is commonly the case on the passage to Australia, each day is so like another that the voyagers grow weary of their wooden prison. Conversation soon flags; it is difficult to compose the mind to read; and card-playing and drinking are too often resorted to in order to pass away the time.

The passengers, as a rule, are glad of any change from the daily routine; and hence, in some respects, a ship on a long voyage presents a very favorable field for evangelization. The preacher may find opportunities of tracing out the Lord's dealings with souls, and may follow up his public addresses by personal conversation day after day; and the fact that the passengers are, for the time at least, freed from earthly cares, ren-

ders it comparatively easy to attract their attention, in some steady and settled manner, to the truths of the gospel.

Walter Douglas kept a diary, which he afterwards transmitted to Mr. Lewis. It records the ordinary incidents of a sea voyage, with occasional notices of his evangelistic labors on board the ship; but on the latter subject not very much is said. With a feeling of humility becoming a servant of Christ, he refrains from speaking about himself more than necessary, lest he should glorify the instrument rather than the Lord to whom all glory belongs.

It appears from this daily record, that Douglas preached his first sermon to his fellow-passengers on Sunday, May 15, while the Mary Warren still lay at Gravesend, and afterwards addressed them every Sunday morning.

His shattered health with difficulty sus-

tained the hardships of a sea voyage. On June 1 he wrote: —

"I have been so ill, and have suffered so much, and am so weak, that I am but the shadow of what I was even when I left London; yet He does all things well. I have, however, preached Jesus, given away many precious tracts, and whenever he gave me opportunity, I have spoken loving words for him.

"This evening, when I was much depressed in mind, thinking of loved and lost ones, a swallow flew into my cabin window completely exhausted. 'Poor bird!' said I, 'you have sought and found a friend.' I gave it some fresh water, dipping its bill in the cup; it would not peck bread. I sent it by the assistant steward to the rigging for the night; and next morning, when I went on deck, it was still there, as though it had waited to bid me good by before starting for

England. It flew low, and narrowly escaped the claws of two cats (the captain's pets) who were on the watch for it."

The singular preservation of this poor bird cheered the heart of the traveller at a time of bodily and mental depression, reminding him of the Lord's words, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

On the 7th of June, eighteen days after leaving Gravesend, the Mary Warren passed within sight of Palmas, one of the Canary Islands. The weather was fine, and the vessel went well through the water, proving herself a fast sailer, and leaving several other ships behind.

Douglas continued very unwell, but one morning he got up at four o'clock to try a salt-water bath, which had a good effect. His journal shows that during this period of bodily weakness he felt the benefit of the prayers offered on his behalf by his friends

in London. He was spiritually upheld, and enabled to continue his labors, with tokens of the Lord's favor. One of the earliest services he describes as having been "very solemn, with deep attention." Of another, on June 12, he says, —

"In the afternoon I spoke from Rom. v. 1. I am sure that I quite realized the answer to the petition of the dear praying-bands, in the rich blessing given this day to their brother Douglas, for never have I felt more intense desire after the souls of my dying fellow-passengers than I did to-day."

The Cape de Verd Islands were passed on the 13th of June; and as the ship now approached the lines, she met with calm and light winds, as usual in those latitudes. On the 23d of June she crossed the equator, being then thirty-five days from Gravesend.

The diary of Douglas is full of words of affectionate remembrance of his friends in

London, showing how warmly he was attached to those who had taken any part in leading him to the Saviour, or who had strengthened and supported him in his Christian course. Here is an example: —

"Six weeks since I left London. Surely I can write, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder' towards dear W. J. L., and that beloved man of God, brother Holland, with his loving words sinking deep into my heart: 'You shall not sink any lower, my brother. God will raise up a band of praying men around you, who will bear you up above all this despair and wretchedness.' Prophetic words! as were that kind nurse's in Hyde Park: 'God has a great work for you to do, sir, and he will raise you up to do it.' But, bless the Lord, while my heart turns to loved ones in London, it also turns to the Beloved One with me, who led me by the right way: and that One has said, 'I will

never leave thee; I will never forsake thee.' Amen, Lord Jesus."

On July 10, he speaks for the first time positively of good done through the preaching: "I have realized the answer to the prayers of the Lord's loved ones far away, but ever nigh, in the liberty that the Lord gave his servant in holding up Jesus as the sinner's only Saviour from the love of sin, from the effects of sin, and from the eternal consequences of sin. I know that hearts were touched by the Holy Spirit."

On the 11th of July he says, "After dinner signalled the Ajmeer, from London for Otago, New Zealand, fifty-nine days out. She was towed down the Thames the day I went on board at Gravesend, but went right on to sea, and a nice race she has made of it! Here are we but forty-nine days from London, and, after starting ten days before us, we have fallen in with her. Captain H. sup-

poses her to have been becalmed near the equator. I told our fellow-passengers, while being delayed at Gravesend those ten days, 'Could you but lift the curtain, and take a peep across the sea, you might perhaps see the iceberg moving on that would have crushed the Mary Warren like an egg-shell.' He doeth all things well."

The wind was now blowing a gale, and the sea presented a magnificent sight; but in a day or two the weather moderated, and the ship went on her way uninjured.

She was now far to the south of the line, and the temperature became so cold as to oblige the passengers to return to warm clothing.

On July 23, another intimation is given that the testimony borne for Christ was received: "How my heart was cheered as some one told me to-day that the Lord was answering the prayers offered in our behalf."

A few days later, notice occurs for the first time of a Bible class, which apparently had been previously in existence: "I had my Bible class between decks last evening for two hours; the captain and dear Will both there. I hope that many heads and hearts were benefited."

The "between decks" means the common sitting-room of the steerage passengers, and the fact that it was given up for two hours of an evening for the holding of a Bible class, is proof that the influence of the word of God had been felt in a marked degree by the passengers. The captain and officers encouraged the work from the outset.

As a result of the Bible class, we next read of a service held between decks at the request of the passengers, at which two among them were found inquiring the way of salvation, and others were deeply impressed. This was followed by other classes

and preaching services, which became more frequent as the ship drew near her destination.

On the 9th of August, a serious gale overtook the ship: —

"We were becalmed all day. I preached in the evening between decks, and afterwards stood my usual half-watch until ten P. M. I then went below, and had just got into my bed at eleven o'clock, when it began to blow; and such a gale it blew for thirty-six hours, with the poor Mary Warren hauled to the wind! I guess there were no dances nor card playing during that time. That gale tried men's souls, but, blessed be God, I could keep my watch on the next night, though the hail and wind were tremendous. During the storm, some of the passengers in their alarm ran into my arms: I pointed them to Him who can remove the fear of death."

The captain and officers displayed admirable seamanship, and it pleased God to bring the ship safely out of the gale; but on the following day, one of those sad incidents so common at sea took place.

"This morning, Charles Auguste Petersen, a Swedish seaman, fell off the fore-yard-arm into the sea. He sang out to the boatswain as he was falling, 'Bear a hand, mate.' I saw him fall, as I was taking exercise on the starboard side. Dear D., the mate, immediately cut away a life-buoy, but, poor fellow, he never reached it, as he rose on the top of the wave but once, and that for a moment. The captain had the ship laid-to instantly, and a boat was lowered to search for him, but without effect. His young brother cannot speak English. I did all that I could; I took him to his berth, and prayed for him. At night I preached from the words, 'Be ye also ready.' I have reason to

know that the Lord has used this event to the awakening of some, and, I believe, to the conversion of one of the sailors."

The remainder of the voyage was, on the whole, favorable, though somewhat prolonged; and the further entries in the diary refer chiefly to the services, which continued to be held until September 10, 1864, when the Mary Warren dropped anchor in Auckland harbor.

CHAPTER VI.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS IN NEW ZEALAND.

ALTHOUGH Walter Douglas arrived in New Zealand as a stranger, his coming was not wholly unexpected; and before he set foot on shore, he received a kind and Christian welcome. He relates the incident, and the prompt introduction to evangelistic labor which followed, in a letter written to Mr. Lewis about a fortnight after landing: —

"AUCKLAND, September, 1864.

"Ebenezer! — Thus far hath the Lord led me on the first stage of my long journey. Bless the Lord, I am well; better in body and spirit than when dear W. J. L. gave

the parting hand to me at Gravesend. The Lord dealt graciously with us in bringing us in safety to our desired haven, and, I trust, in blessing some, at least, for their eternal welfare. *The results are known alone to him.* Here I am, raising an Ebenezer of praise for his goodness and loving-kindness to me and my shipmates. I am most fully assured that you and others in dear, far-off London, and other places, will help me to praise the Lord for all his mercies to such a poor, weak one as I am.

"I scarcely know how to commence, but this I shall state, that when our ship dropped her anchor, on Saturday, September 10, about half-past two P. M., poor Douglas was in his cabin, asking the Lord, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' In a few minutes he answered, by sending the steward of the ship with a message, 'A young gentleman is asking for Mr. Walter

Douglas,' who answered, 'Here I am.' Upon meeting him on the ship's deck, 'Are you Mr. Walter Douglas?' 'I am, sir.' 'You don't *know* me, Mr. Douglas, but I *know* the Lord; and, having providentially got a copy of The Revival, in which you were spoken of, I have been looking out for some weeks for the Mary Warren; and, fearing you might not have any acquaintance in Auckland, I came off to invite you to partake of my uncle's and aunt's hospitality until Monday, when we shall try to find you a quiet home after your long voyage.' I said, 'Walk into my cabin for a short time, brother in Christ.' And, on the *very same spot* where you asked the Lord to guide me, on *the very same spot* did that precious young brother pour out his heart in prayer and praise to Him who had safely conducted me.

"They put me to work for the Lord the

very next day, in addressing the children at the Congregational Chapel, and they have not let me be idle since; nor, from the signs of the times, will they let me be. Well! well! the Lord can help.

"I am awaiting the arrival of the steamer with the English mail for July, expected about the 22d; when I shall, if not providentially hindered, proceed to Christchurch, Canterbury, as on my arrival here I found a letter from the brother who wrote in The Revival, calling for help for New Zealand.

"I must tell you that, with the exception of addressing children in Sunday schools, I have and shall most steadfastly refuse any lectures, or even addresses, to Christians. I have no commission at present but to *poor perishing sinners*, and you know he is a good soldier who sticks to his post. I wish the Lord himself to guide me, and I know

he will do that whilst I walk in the path of duty.

"'But what about the Mary Warren, dear Douglas?' As my journal is locked up in my chest (not intentionally), I cannot send you the details this mail; and, indeed, I had much rather that —— and —— should tell that tale than Douglas; but I believe that the Great Day alone will declare it. Since I have landed I have seen more of the precious effects of laboring for the Lord on board that ship than ever I supposed whilst on board. I have had some who have stood upon the Quay at Auckland, and thanked the Lord for his poor servant's labors of love during the voyage. I cannot, I dare not, say more: *He alone knows.*

"September 21.

"The Lord seems to be at work; I have great cause to bless his name already. On Sunday morning, a fine assembly at Albert

Street Congregational Chapel. At the Odd Fellows' Hall I had a crowded house, in the same afternoon; and at the High Street Chapel, at night, some of the people could not get in. I have been received as an evangelist by many precious Christians — by the pastors as well as the people. These dear brethren all bid me 'God speed!' and not alone in loving words, but by loving acts, have they made me welcome for the Master's sake; and may he return them more than poor Douglas can ask or think for all their labors of love.

"September 24.

"Work, work, work, every evening this week, with the exception of Monday, to crowded houses, and, I trust, to inclining hearts; and amongst the crowds some of the loved passengers of the Mary Warren — some who once revelled in sin, but who, I trust, are now clothed and in their right mind.

I shall only state that I know the Lord's word shall not return unto him void. But, beloved brother, I would rather that others should speak for the Lord regarding the labors of this 'brand snatched.' This much I must state, to his praise and glory, that a great and effectual door has been opened for the blood-washed Douglas to testify of the magnitude of the grace of God; and aloud has sounded forth the word of life, with the glorious addition, 'The God who saved Walter Douglas by his grace can save any sinner — can save to the uttermost.' Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! Amen. Dear and precious servants of God, who have fought the good fight, are holding up the feeble hands of your own loved and loving son in Jesus.

"Will not all my loved brethren in London who have written to me, bear with me?

But, dear brother, my mind is so concentrated on the 'great salvation,' that I cannot, I dare not, attend to other matters. I am sure they will. I do not love them less, but I love Jesus, and precious souls who are perishing. I am 'not my own.' The Lord has, and is most wonderfully sustaining me in body, soul, and spirit, now three weeks or more, working almost incessantly for him; and, bless the Lord, I am a stronger man in body than when I landed."

Doors thus being opened to him in different directions, he preached nearly every night for three weeks, great numbers of persons being attracted to hear him. In regard to the visible results of these first meetings, a lady writing from Auckland to Mr. Lewis, in November, 1864, says, —

"The result has been a blessed one to many whose curiosity or anxiety to hear

the truth faithfully spoken, led them to enter the different places of worship. Among the young and the very aged, he has been particularly useful. The good man is most unostentatious in his work. The most striking feature in his labors is the number of persons who call at his apartments for private conversation; perhaps the number is not more noticeable than the variety of characters met with in the prophet's chamber. After laboring most indefatigably for some weeks, he was seized with dangerous sore throat, and was on the very brink of the grave: however, the Lord having more work for him to do, he has been spared. The severity of his illness made manifest the universal feeling of regard and esteem for him. He is greatly restored; and is resuming public and private work, though the latter was scarcely laid aside even at his worst state of suffering."

Before Douglas left London, a friend handed him one hundred New Testaments, with the injunction to give one to each person converted to God through his instrumentality. In a letter written about the end of November, he refers to this gift: "Well, my brother beloved, I have cause to praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his loving-kindness to others through poor Douglas, as well as for what he has done for him. Let dear brother B. know that all the copies of the 'Law of Love' are gone but six, and I know of many, many claimants for those six. Also let him know that nearly all those ninety-four souls found peace in believing in Jesus in this very room where I am now scratching these few lines."

A few days later he writes: "A mother and two children found peace in Jesus at the same time, last Monday, in this little

room. . . . All the New Testaments are gone, and in looking over the list of names and ages, I find that there are eighty-one under twenty-one years of age. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.'"

A New Zealand paper estimated that in one week, at Auckland, more than seventy persons professed faith in Christ, and a Christian gentleman, who was in Auckland at the time and has since returned to London, fully confirms these statements.

It was not to be expected that a work of this kind could go on without opposition; and although Douglas in his earlier letters makes little mention of it, we know from other sources that opposers speedily showed themselves. The work, however, continued to prosper.

And, on the other hand, the evangelist received many tokens of good will. Every-

where Christians opened their houses to him, and some, at least, of the pastors their pulpits; and before he left Auckland he received a pocket-book containing sixty pounds subscribed by a few friends, to enable him to purchase a horse for use in his projected journeys through the bush.

On December 10 he sailed from Auckland for Canterbury by the steamer Airedale. His illness had left him in a very weak state, "wasting away, slowly sinking," as he himself said, from low fever, but the change to the more southern province led to a speedy recovery of strength. Some facts relating to this journey have been communicated by a correspondent at Christchurch. On landing, Douglas passed quietly through the city to the house of a gentleman in the interior. After preaching Christ to the shepherds and others in the neighborhood where he lodged, he made his appearance

in Christchurch as suddenly as though he had dropped from the clouds, so little had the people heard of him, or of his presence in that part of the colony. Daily preaching and conducting prayer-meetings, both in chapels and in the open air, however, soon made him known, and the opposition he here encountered was of a bitter and violent character. He had to endure hostility even from some whose position should have led them specially to rejoice as Paul rejoiced, "since every way Christ was preached."

But it pleased God to overrule the opposition to the furtherance of the gospel. The outcry raised against "the last new fanatic," "the infidel preacher," "the madman," excited a general curiosity to hear him, and so his audience continually increased; and probably many careless persons who would not have listened to any ordinary sermon, were thus brought under the sound of the gospel.

The word, says the witness already referred to, was quick and powerful, and was made a blessing to many souls. The meetings were held night after night, often till a late hour; sinners were brought to the Saviour; and believers were stirred up to united prayer and effort. The parting address given on March 8, in a large hall in the heart of the city, was thus described: —

"The place was crowded. Our brother spoke chiefly on the miracle of the water made into wine. I believe many souls found peace that night, and, though the meeting was not over until a very late hour, dozens upon dozens remained yet longer to press round our brother, to shake his hand, to get a word individually from him, and to confess to him, and before others, the good their souls had derived since he had been amongst them. With a countenance expressive of the intense joy he felt, and as though they

came from the deepest feelings of his heart, he frequently uttered the words, 'Truly he hath kept the good wine until now.'

"Thank our gracious Saviour with me for him, my brother. 'How shall they preach, unless they be sent?' I have witnessed no such work since leaving England. The praise be to God. To him be the thanks and the glory forever!"

After spending three weeks at Christchurch, Douglas labored a while at St. Albans, whence, on February 13, 1866, he wrote the following letter to his friend Lewis: —

"I have just closed a five weeks' campaign — the first three in Christchurch, the past two weeks at St. Albans. . . . Last Thursday evening a public tea-meeting was held, for the purpose of bringing sinners who are not in the habit of attending any place of worship, under the sound of the gospel of

Christ. Upwards of four hundred sat down in the new Town Hall, and I preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. . . . The Lord has blessed many precious souls, both saints and sinners, and I have now such a pile of testimonials of grace received. . . . To Jesus be all the glory.

"Last evening was the fourth Sunday evening of open-air services at St. Albans, and such a time! Never to be forgotten. About eight hundred persons assembled, and preaching commeneed at six P. M. The services were prolonged until near ten o'clock, as the people would not go away; and such a scene — the beautiful new moon sailing so majestically, silently proclaiming —

'The hand that formed me is divine,'

and a still, beautiful night, just warm enough to be pleasant, and not a breath of air stirring, save that which wafted up prayer and

praise. . . . Satan has been raging fearfully — he doesn't like, you know, to see his kingdom pulled down. Alas! he has thousands of willing captives around. . . . Of course you are aware that, Scipio like, I have carried war into Africa, and as a necessary consequence, the devil's servants are all in arms. I have received a little of what Paul, Whitefield, and others used to receive, but the Lord has held his servant in his own right hand.

"I rest the poor done-up frame, or rather, 'case of bones,' this week (D.V.); and next Lord's day I commence another open-air service between Christchurch and Port Lyttleton, as I have had a written invitation, signed by about thirty of the Lord's people, with the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.'

"Surely it is wonderful how the Lord has supported his servant. I have preached

every night for the past five weeks, with the exception of one Saturday night, and then I delivered an address at a fellowship meeting. . . . And I can now write 'Ebenezer.' I have proved that London's Lord is also Lord of New Zealand. Would to God that all New Zealanders were his. . . . I am laying my request before him, that I may be only the first fruits to New Zealand from the Spitalfields Gospel Mission. Love to all the dear brethren and sisters in Jesus."

After leaving St. Albans, Douglas visited other parts of the colony, not ceasing to preach Christ wherever he went. His own letters contain but scanty details of his labors, and it is not always possible to trace his footsteps from place to place. A communication from Mr. James Robson, of Lower Moutere, Nelson, gives a full account of his visit to that province in August and Sep-

tember, 1865: this narrative will convey a clear idea of the manner in which the work was carried on, and of the blessing attending it.

The places visited during a journey of four weeks were Motueka, Riwaka, Pangatotara, and Lower Moutere. The first meetings were held in The Institute at Motueka, but so great was the opposition that the room was speedily closed against the evangelist. As in other places, the principal effect of the outcry was to stir up all the people to go and hear "the madman," "the ranter," "the man with the white hat and blue coat," &c. Some few persons were led to Christ, and rejoiced in him. The work was continued at Pangatotara, but the greatest apparent blessing was at Lower Moutere, where, after a remarkable week's services, Douglas on the Saturday evening spoke from the words, "Come, for all things

are now ready." Many souls received blessing that night.

Mr. Robson goes on to say, —

"We went to bed at two A. M. on Sunday; up again by seven, and down to Motueka; preached on a table in a field from Ezekiel xxxiii. and xxxiv.; home again (walking four miles), dinner, a short rest, and then service again in the evening at half-past six. 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.' Many souls again found peace: the service ended about midnight. You of course understand that this includes the time occupied in speaking to the anxious ones, &c.

"On Monday morning we started, at eleven A. M., for Waiwero, — a walk of six miles, — where Walter Douglas held an open-air meeting at two, ending at about half past six, and souls were again brought in. This was the farewell service, and when he came

to the last word both the preacher and the assembly were in tears. When we started for home a band of the newly converted followed us, and as we walked through the still New Zealand bush on a lovely night, up rose joyous songs that Walter Douglas has taught us. They were sung with the Spirit."

It pleased God also to use the preaching of Douglas to the arousing of his professing people in that neighborhood. Many Christians who had long been so cold and inactive that it was difficult to make out their position, were brought into a state of warmth and activity. A prayer meeting had become reduced to two or three, who, however, continued to beseech the Lord to revive and unite his people, little imagining in what manner those prayers would be answered. On the night before Douglas sailed for Otago, that meeting numbered

about sixty persons, who commended him and his labors to the Lord. One of the immediate effects of the visit was the commencement of a weekly Scripture reading for the young, attended at the outset by from thirty to forty persons — a fair number when it is remembered that Lower Moutere is a scattered New Zealand village.

In that month of September, 1865, Douglas closed a year of evangelistic effort, and was enabled to send the following cheering letter, dated from a place near Nelson, to his friend Lewis: —

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, for all that He has done for us in these far-off isles of the sea. The Lord has done, and is now doing, great things for us whereof we are glad. . . . With the exception of rheumatic pains (my poor hand is drawn out of shape, and the fingers that are writing this are

twisted), I am stronger in body, and I am much, very much, happier in mind than when you saw me last. I have been now twelve months in New Zealand, and am sixteen nearer home where Jesus and —— are. . . . How did you like your sack of testimonials? * Was not that a budget of joy to you? Dear W. J. L., would you wish such another sent? W. D. has the materials, blessed be God. Gospel Hall, Sussex Hall, Tower Street, send up a loud, a very loud, — an earnest, a very earnest, — song of praise for many, many, very many, souls saved for Jesus, by Jesus! Hallelujah! Since my arrival in Auckland Bay on this day twelvemonth, I have witnessed hundreds rejoicing in having found that Friend. What hath God wrought!

"In these twelve months I have preached Christ Jesus and the great salvation in

* See page 95.

four provinces, viz., Auckland, Canterbury, Wellington, and Nelson. I have been blessed in seeing souls find peace in believing on him in cities, in towns, in villages, in hamlets, in 'the bush,' on the plains, in the desert. I have travelled some few thousand miles; I have seen some Maories, some sinners of nearly all nations and all hues, brought to the feet of Jesus. I have witnessed sinners, both old and young, bearing the same testimony to his willingness as well as his power to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. I have seen the strong man bowed down under the power of the sin-killing, soul-saving, Spirit-accompanied word of his grace. I have known some of those who received the word gladly, who are now gladly praising him face to face in the glory, some whose last words on earth were 'Jesus,' 'glory.' Many young men are now

telling of the grace and the love that hath found them, are pointing others to Jesus, and, blessed be his name, are leading the way.

"I have within these twelve months wept with hundreds who were weeping on account of their sins; and, blessed be He who sent me, who am less than the least of all saints, I have rejoiced with hundreds in the sense of pardoned sin. I have preached him in chapels, in theatres, in halls, in the open air, in houses, in huts, on wharves, on steamboats, in market towns, in institutes, in almost all places, at all times, not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God. And now I am ten thousand fold more hungry for souls for Jesus than when I parted from you on board the Mary Warren. Listen, dear brother! Were I assured that every sinner in the world but one had found him, I should follow that one to the uttermost parts of the earth, and having found him, I should tell

him that Jesus, who saved Walter Douglas, could and would save him."

His intention of visiting the southern province of Otago was speedily carried out, and he found the soil in a measure prepared to receive the good seed. We learn from an article in a New Zealand paper describing the visit, that about a year previously, the Young Men's Christian Association in Dunedin had opened a united prayer meeting with the special object of pleading for a revival in the hearts of God's people, and an awakening among the careless and unsaved. The meeting was continued weekly for nine months, with much benefit to those who attended it; but it was then discontinued, partly because of the dissolution of the Association, and partly on account of the very small number who latterly attended.

Here were apparent failure and discour-

agement. But what is of faith cannot fail, though the results may long remain hidden.

In the present instance the answer to the prayer appeared after a short interval. The Rev. W. Taylor, of California, the well-known Wesleyan evangelist, came to Dunedin, and preached nearly every evening for three weeks to large audiences: his testimony was owned of God to the salvation of very many souls. Walter Douglas followed him soon afterwards, arriving in the city on the 26th of September.

The meetings at first were thinly attended, and apparently without fruit; but after they had continued three or four weeks, an earnest spirit of inquiry was awakened in the hearts of many hearers, and some who at the outset had appeared very indifferent became constant attendants. Signs of coming blessing showed themselves in the increased earnestness of the prayer meetings, which

were held every evening, both before and after the preaching. The progress of the work became manifest, and many instances of blessing were made known. The Theatre Royal was opened for preaching on four successive Sunday evenings, and the building, which holds about a thousand people, was filled.

As in other places, a memorial of the work remained after the preacher had gone away, in the revival or establishment of meetings for Christians and others. In Dunedin a daily noon prayer meeting was opened, the special object of which was to ask that the Lord would continue his work in that neighborhood, and prosper it to the glory of his name; and the prayers thus offered were answered in numerous instances.

We pass over the record of similar labors in other parts of New Zealand, attended by similar tokens that the work was of God.

He had now visited the principal towns in the colony, and his stay was drawing to a close.

In the course of his journeys, he made the acquaintance of a Christian lady, a widow. He announced his marriage to this lady in a letter to Mr. Lewis, of which the following is an extract: —

"You must not think I have neglected you, for I am well aware that you have heard of me, though not from me for several mails. You will see by this I am unable to write myself, being very ill with an affection of the brain. My sufferings for several weeks past have been extreme. [He then speaks of his marriage to the lady above referred to.] After our marriage we took a trip, and on our passage I received a sunstroke, from the effects of which I have been laid up ever since. My suffering is much

aggravated by enlargement of the heart, which sends the blood with too much force to the weak part. I think you will remember that when a young man, I had my skull fractured by a fall from my horse. My doctor thinks that overwork, as well as the effects of the sun, is telling upon the old injury. My sufferings since our return home have been at times agonizing. The effort of dictating this is great. It is of the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.

"I send you another 'sack' of testimonials [i. e., a large number of letters telling of blessing received and souls saved]. . . . At the last day's service at the Upper Moutere, which was held in the woods, there were present at least two hundred and fifty souls who had found Christ since my first visit to those regions. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory.'"

Advised to seek change of air, as a means of restoring his health, Douglas determined to visit Australia, and arrived at Melbourne in June, 1866, after a stormy passage. But before following him thither, it may be well to quote such testimony as comes to our hand, respecting the general character and results of the labors in New Zealand.

CHAPTER VII.

OPINIONS AND FACTS.

THE hostility excited in some quarters by the new preacher, was naturally reflected by a portion of the New Zealand press. A sceptical newspaper, which imitates as closely as it can a London model, attacked Mr. Douglas, or rather the gospel he preached, with considerable vehemence, but other journals noticed the work in a different spirit. The Southern Record, a paper then newly established in Canterbury, bore the following testimony in respect to that province: —

"Mr. Walter Douglas has for the last nine weeks faithfully preached the gospel in and

around Christchurch to large congregations, and there are numbers who have cause to look upon him as the instrument used by God to bring them to a knowledge of the truth; while among Christians he has won a name for his encouraging and strengthening exhortations, and for his unflinching exposure of evil wherever it has been prominent."

In another number of the same paper appeared an article by the Rev. J. Tyerman, a minister at Christchurch, which contains an account of the evangelist's conversion and labors. As will be seen, Mr. Tyerman's first impressions on hearing him were not very favorable. We here quote from the article: —

"Mr. Douglas has not obtained the approbation of all who have heard him; and there is nothing very remarkable in that. The same may be said of many celebrities in different branches of public speaking. A

person attending his meeting for the first time may not improbably hear something that offends mightily against his orthodox notions of what becomes and what does not become a public speaker, especially upon religious subjects. Their sense of propriety is outraged, and not hearing him again, they jump to the conclusion that he is so and so; and henceforth entertain anything but a favorable opinion of him.

"When I first heard Mr. Douglas, the impression produced was not much in his favor, but I could not pass a fair judgment from that single hearing. I heard him again, and seemed to get a little better knowledge of the man, and feel a little more favorably towards him. I heard him again and again. Each time seemed to reveal the real man more fully. The prejudice which some things he had said and done, had excited against him, gradually lessened and disap-

peared. I tried to look at the man as a whole, and though I could never indorse all he said and did, yet certainly the oftener I heard him the better I understood him, and the more highly I appreciated him; and I believe that my experience in this respect will find its counterpart in that of most of his regular hearers. First impressions are not always the most trustworthy; nor hasty conclusions the most logical and satisfactory. But there are many people who never heard Mr. Douglas at all, and yet some of them talk and act as though they knew most about him, and with strange inconsistency are loudest in their denunciations of him.

"In forming an estimate of any man's present character and conduct, it is always well, and often necessary, to take into account his antecedents. The explanation of many present difficulties is often found in past events. In the case of Mr. Douglas,

his history, before his reception of Christianity, to a great extent accounts for, if it does not in all cases justify, the peculiarities which have marked his career as a Christian and an evangelist."

After relating the leading facts in Douglas's life, with which the reader is acquainted, Mr. Tyerman goes on to say: —

"He feels that the best part of his life has been worse than wasted, and he is striving to 'redeem the time' spent in sin, by pressing all the work he can possibly do for God into the remaining time allotted to him. His heart — his tongue — all his powers — are moved by the love of God, and zeal for the good of man. He conceives his mission to be to go from place to place, holding special services, and preaching the gospel to perishing sinners. For that work he is well fitted. In it he has hitherto been successful, and will continue to be so.

"Mr. Douglas is a man of good parts, and respectable general attainments. He gives evidence of being a hard student of the Bible; and considering the comparatively short time since he began to turn his attention to it, his knowledge of its great leading doctrines is very complete and clear. In the 'way of salvation' he is quite at home. That is his favorite theme; and his expositions and applications of it are generally simple, genial, and striking. The anxious inquirer after salvation will meet with but few who can more readily remove his doubts, or point him a shorter cut to Calvary, than Walter Douglas. No person can hear him a few times, without being convinced that, whatever peculiarities there may be about him, he is thoroughly sincere in his efforts to do good.

"One most important and pleasing characteristic of his mission is the prominence

he gives throughout to Jesus as the Saviour of mankind. Everything is subordinated to the one great purpose of exhibiting the boundless love of God as displayed in the gift of his Son, and of winning souls to Jesus; and many will form the crown of his rejoicing at the last.

"As a preacher he is very original and very affecting. If the flowery eloquence of a Punshon, the thundering power of a Spurgeon, the impassioned appeals of a Gutteridge, are not his, he has gifts peculiar to himself. His discourses are not so systematically arranged, and artistically elaborated, as many that are preached. In fact, they are not cut and dried *stock* discourses. There is evidently premeditation, and a general arrangement, but that is not always adhered to. The 'thread of the discourse' is sometimes broken and lost sight of; and, instead of sweet flowing harmony, there are

digressions on either side, and occasionally a harsh, discordant sound grates upon the polished ear. But even the digressions are often happy and telling hits, and the discordant sounds sometimes arrest attention, and move hearts which more correct and skilful music glides smoothly over, leaving no trace behind. What his discourses lack in order, refinement, and the general graces of rhetoric, they make up for in masculine thought, pertinent illustration, touching pathos, and searching appeal. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Douglas was nearly forty years of age when he began to preach; that he is not a public speaker, and makes no pretensions of the kind. But the highest eulogium that any sermons can crave may be justly passed on his, viz., that they are pre-eminently successful in the grand object for which sermons are preached — the turning

of man from the error of his way to serve the living God.

"Another feature in Mr. Douglas is his non-sectarian character. He believes that God has but one family of believers on earth, though they are somewhat scattered, and occupy different houses. With true catholicity of spirit he can cordially co-operate with Christians of all denominations who sincerely wish to advance the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. Would to God that this truly noble and biblical principle were universally recognized and acted upon. The thoroughly independent, fearless, and faithful course he pursues is another marked and favorable element in his character.

"His observations of men and things are close, his thinkings independent, his convictions strong, and his expression of them very bold and straightforward. Any evil that he knows to exist will find in him a

daring, uncompromising enemy; any splendid exterior under which it may shelter will not save it from his withering blows and honest exposure. Of all shams he has a deep-rooted hatred. Hypocrisy, under whatever form it may appear, and however smiling may be its face, and smooth its voice, and fair its professions, is sure to be unmasked, and exhibited in all its hideous features. He is particularly severe upon anything like hypocrisy or indifference in the Church of God. By nothing has he given more offence than by his outspoken and unsparing denunciations of these evils, whether they exist in the minister of the gospel, or in the individual professor. Some credit him with 'insulting personalities,' &c.; but it is not persons, but principles and practices, that he attacks. Perhaps some of the epithets used on these subjects might be replaced by others quite as ex-

pressive and less offensive. But truth generally offends."

An article in another New Zealand paper, evidently of later date, defends the evangelist's mode of preaching, against various classes of objectors. The writer opens with the following testimony: "Mr. Douglas still continues his evangelistic labors in this colony, to which he believes he was providentially called. Whatever those who differ from him may say to the contrary, the Lord is using him for a special work — making him instrumental in rousing a dormant church to action, and awakening and bringing to Jesus careless and hardened sinners. Let facts speak for themselves. Many can testify that he has been made a blessing to their souls. Large numbers of anxious hearers attend upon his ministry wherever he goes, and the interest is generally greater

at the close of his labors in a place than at any other period."

The "praise of men" is not a thing to be desired by the Lord's servants, for few indeed can receive public commendation without injury; and the opinions of newspapers and correspondents have been here quoted, not with the view of exalting the instrument, but in order to show more clearly the marvellous grace of God in the career of Walter Douglas.

Other testimony as to the results of his labors is not wanting. In August, 1865, Mr. Lewis received from him a package containing two hundred and forty letters, written by persons who declared themselves to have received blessing. These witnesses spoke of souls newly-quickened; of others long in the bondage of unbelief who had been set free; and of many who profess to have been restored from a back-sliding state.

Not a few of the letters told of blessing to more than one member of a family. A Sunday school teacher writes, "I thank God that you have been the instrument in his hands of the conversion of four dear girls in my class at the Sunday school. I have felt my own soul truly blessed. Assuring you of my earnest prayers in your behalf, believe me yours, &c."

Another letter is to the following effect: "I thank the Lord for giving me this opportunity of telling you the good you have been the means of doing to this house since you came to the Wednesday meeting. My husband has been brought to the feet of Jesus, and is now enjoying peace. I have been a doubting, self-righteous sinner, trying to work out my own salvation for upwards of twenty years; but through your labors I have been brought to the blessed assurance of salvation through a crucified

Redeemer. My little niece had given evidence of being brought to Christ during the revivals at home, but had fallen back; finding in her own heart that all was not right, she became much concerned under your preaching, and is now rejoicing in assurance of peace and happiness through Jesus Christ. My sister requests me to state that for upwards of twenty-five years she has been doubting, and never able to believe she was saved, though she hoped she should be saved; but through your preaching she has been brought to the blessed assurance of salvation through Christ Jesus. If you knew the good the Lord is doing through you, you would not be disheartened. Many a home has happiness now which never knew what it was before."

The following is apparently from a little girl: "My dear Mr. Douglas, — i am verry thankfull to God that ever he sent you

year, for you have been the means, in God's hands, for leading me to the feet of jesus, and i do feel him to be prisus (precious) to my soul. i pray the blessings of God may rest upon you."

An old gospel hearer writes, "I feel it my duty to state, that for upwards of twenty years I have been a hearer of the gospel, but never felt its power until that evening when you said you knew there was some one fighting against God. These words made me tremble like a leaf shaken with the wind. I felt the anger of God resting upon me. I then said, in the bitterness of my heart, 'O God, I will fight against thee no more; I now cast myself upon thy mercy; save me for Jesus' sake.' I bless his holy name; he heard and answered. . . I humbly request you will accept these few lines as a lasting remembrance of the power of the gospel through your preaching to the saving of my soul."

A local preacher writes, "If my testimony will encourage you and glorify God, I have pleasure in assuring you that he has made your labors a blessing to the quickening of my soul, both directly and indirectly."

This is expressive, from a German and his wife, both converted: "Me no speak english, but me so happy in Jesus, and my wife's."

Another writer says, "You have been the instrument in God's hands in leading three souls to Jesus, in bringing back one backslider, and in quickening two believers *in this house;* and we thank God we ever heard your voice. . . . What a change there is in this house since we have begun to live for Jesus! Now we all love that Saviour who has saved us with an everlasting salvation."

CHAPTER VIII.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS IN AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, up to the year 1850, was a quiet little town, with one or two good streets, in which some tall new houses looked down upon irregular wooden huts by their side; yet the town flourished in those days, and increased rapidly in the ordinary course of the growing prosperity of the colony.

Then came violent changes. The discovery of gold in New South Wales was speedily followed by the news that still richer "diggings" had been found in Victoria, within a hundred miles of Melbourne. A kind of mania seized upon the entire popu-

lation, and a large proportion of the males forsook their callings, and hurried off to the gold fields. "Ne'er-do-weels" from England, adventurers from California, "old lags" from Sydney and Tasmania, patient and plodding laborers from China, poured into the country as fast as wind and steam could carry them. Land and houses were quadrupled in value in a few weeks, and all kinds of commodities rose to fabulous prices. The people lost themselves in the excitement of money-getting; they believed that the gold fields were inexhaustible, and that the prosperity of the colony would have no limits. "To-morrow," they said, "shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

They were mistaken. In a short time the highest finds of gold were obtained, and the highest prices reached for goods; then came the descent steadily, but surely, until many kinds of commodities were unsalable in the

overstocked markets, speculators were compelled to cease building houses for which there were no tenants, and a considerable number of the great fortunes of a few years before had melted away. But the subsiding wave of prosperity, which found Melbourne little bigger than a village, left it an important city, the emporium of a province, the permanent resources of which are being rapidly developed by a busy population.

In the whirl of the "gold fever" men gave themselves little time to think of their souls' welfare; but when trade failed, and the diggings, with the exception of the quartz reefs, were in a great measure worked out, men began to re-open their long-neglected Bibles, and a cry arose from some hearts for a revival of the work of God in the land. The Rev. W. Taylor, of California, visited Melbourne, as he did other towns in the Australian colonies, and

preached with power and blessing; and after his departure continuous nightly meetings were held in some of the Wesleyan chapels, and there were also special services in other places of worship. The Theatre Royal was opened on Sunday evenings for the preaching of the gospel. These various efforts appeared at first to be attended with little result; but the blessing, though delayed, was not withheld, and much fruit afterwards appeared.

It was at this time, when the Church of Christ at Melbourne was praying and longing for new life, that Walter Douglas arrived there. He was in a very weak state of health, and the kind friends who received him saw that he needed rest. "For six weeks," he says, in a letter written in the following October, "they nursed me, and all the work they would allow me to do was to walk about this very beautiful city. The

result of all was that I got, I am sure, to be thirteen stones in weight again; so that, at the end of those weeks, I felt I must be up and doing."

His first services were held in the Rev. James Taylor's (Baptist) Chapel, where, according to the Melbourne Christian Banner, dense crowds attended the preaching, and hundreds were brought to Christ. He also preached in the Presbyterian Church of the Rev. R. Hamilton, of Fitzroy, Melbourne, and here the Lord gave such abundant blessing that it was said that, in the course of a month's labors, about five hundred persons were converted to God. These figures indicate the aspect the work presented at the time, but the actual results can be known to God only.

These results, as in so many other instances, are distinctly traceable to the prayers of the Lord's people.

The paper already quoted said at this time, "In many parts of our colony the Lord is manifesting his love in saving souls from sin and its consequent punishment. A spirit of prayer has been given to many, and there are now in various places of worship continuous prayer meetings held. The churches are concerned about the salvation of the congregations, Sabbath school teachers are praying for the scholars, and many parents are solicitous on behalf of their children."

In the midst of these labors the evangelist was twice seized with severe illness, but the Lord raised him up, and on his recovery he continued to preach several times a week in different parts of the city. At the beginning of January, 1867, he commenced a series of special services in the Presbyterian Church at Fitzroy. Mr. Hamilton, the pas-

tor, thus speaks of him in a letter to The Revival, No. 403 : —

"Notwithstanding his shattered frame and his infirmities, he holds on for hours together in a strain of fervid and impassioned speaking, and never wearies with his work. He is frequently four hours together engaged in continuous labor, and considering the vehement earnestness with which he speaks, it is truly marvellous that he is able to hold out. The grace of God, however, is abundant in his experience.

"In the meetings I have witnessed he has had good cause for gratitude and joy that his labors have not been in vain. Besides a number of conversions, there has been evidence that God's people have been greatly quickened and revived. The interest has become deeper and wider every week. Every night the church is crowded, and the solemn attention of the audience is main-

tained till the end. The address extends to an hour, or even an hour and a half, and is of a very superior character as to doctrine, arrangement, style, delivery, and all that constitutes genuine excellence. Then the intense earnestness and burning love to the souls of men which he evinces call forth the warmest sympathies of the Lord's people. Long may he be spared and strengthened to be the means of a deep and growing work of revival in this portion of the great vineyard!"

Mr. Hamilton gives further particulars in a second letter written a few weeks later (The Revival, No. 405). Surely those who read his testimony and compare it with the description at the beginning of this narrative, of the poor vagrant looking at the texts in the blacksmith's window, will magnify the grace of God, and rejoice in the transforming power of the gospel.

Mr. Hamilton says, —

"He preaches on the Sabbath evenings, and holds meetings on the evenings of Wednesday and Friday. The church is usually crowded, and many are not able to find admittance.

"His discourses often extend to an hour and a half in length. They are full of rich gospel truth, thoroughly scriptural. It is astonishing how varied, interesting, and impressive his illustrations of divine truth are. The attention of his audiences never flags. He speaks with extraordinary energy, because he is intensely in earnest. It would be better a great deal for effect, as well as for himself, if his speaking were less vehement, because his utterance would be more distinct. But his burning love for the salvation of souls calls forth all the energies of his nature. It is truly astonishing how he is able, with his shattered frame, to stand

the continued and exhaustive efforts he puts forth. Besides the services in my church, he preaches every Sabbath forenoon, and holds a Thursday evening meeting in Carlton. He is therefore engaged three nights each week, and the whole of each Sabbath. Then these are all special and extraordinary services. He not only brings into action the uttermost of his strength, but he exercises it during protracted hours. After the discourse a prayer meeting is held, when a number of individuals in succession engage in earnest and solemn prayer. Short, pithy addresses on the great concerns of eternity, and the singing of hymns, give variety and impressiveness to the service. I always begin the service, and also take part more or less in the course of the evening. In all the meetings the interest is deep, and the impressions evidently unusual. The whole tone of the services is of a highly spiritual

and elevating character, and some of the meetings have been peculiarly distinguished by a solemn awe, making every one feel that the place of assembly was pre-eminently the house of God and the gate of heaven. One aged Christian one evening lately could not help rising up before the close of the meeting and testifying that, although he had been a professing, and, he believed, a true, Christian, for thirty-seven years, yet he had never felt so powerfully the love of Christ in his soul. The reluctance manifested by almost all to retire before a late hour, and the great joy and mutual interest displayed at the time of separation, strikingly evince the peculiarly hallowed nature of the services. Every night there are many requests for prayer, and oftentimes announcements made and proofs afforded of blessing received in answer to the petitions offered.

"There has scarcely been a meeting with-

out evidences that the Spirit of God has been accompanying the word with power. It is deeply interesting to see young people plunged into the deepest grief under the burden of their sins. And when they come up to speak of their state before God, they are, strange to say, found to be weeping for joy because they have felt the love of Jesus washing away their sins. Several nights there have been as many as ten cases. Upon an average I should say there have not been fewer than about a dozen cases every week of professed decision for Christ, and very many of them such as leave no room for doubt that they are the result of the work of God's mighty Spirit of grace. The regularity and eagerness with which they continue to attend the meetings and engage in the services, as well as the happy and joyous, and yet staid, feeling they display in their countenance and demeanor, afford hope

that they have been really changed by divine power. A considerable proportion of adults have been constrained publicly to profess their adhesion to the standard of the cross.

"I cannot speak from having been personally present, of the results of the services first in North Melbourne, and then in Carlton. But I hear of many cases of decided conversions, and I have heard a number of young men engage in prayer in my place of worship, who were either converted through Mr. Douglas's instrumentality, or brought to decision and greatly improved under his ministrations. And it is most refreshing to hear these young converts pouring out their earnest desires for the conversion of their fellow-sinners. Some of them are going forth to the highways of the city, and publicly preaching the gospel of Christ's salvation. And I am told they do so with great simplicity and force.

"I should mention these services are not held without opposition. Professed Christians, in some instances, become filled with the bitterest prejudices, and the ungodly rage with furious hostility against the good work. Brother Douglas, however, is sustained by an unseen arm, and goes forward with undaunted courage, doing the will of his Master while it is called to-day, and leaves consequences to God. It is cheering to us to know that prayer is being regularly offered in London on our behalf. I trust the people of God will feel encouraged to pray still more intensely for us."

On the 30th of June, 1867, Walter Douglas completed a year's labors in Melbourne, and six months at Fitzroy. A large hall in Bourke Street was then taken for Sunday evening services, and here he preached, with the same tokens of blessing as before, until

again laid upon a sick bed. When unable to write to his friend Lewis, he sent, through Mrs. Douglas, another package containing a large number of letters from persons who had attended the meetings, and in some instances these letters told of the salvation of whole families.

It pleased God again to raise him up, and the last accounts received state that he has been enabled to resume his labors.

Will the Christian reader remember him often in prayer? Pray for bodily and spiritual strength that he may continue to do the work of a true evangelist, not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, rightly dividing the word of truth. The field before him is wide; God grant that he may yet gather there many thousands of wandering souls into the fold of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The conversion of Walter Douglas, so

strangely brought about in the East of London, was an answer to prayers offered up in a distant land many years before. His first wife was a devoted Christian, and, while her husband was growing daily harder in infidelity, she sought opportunities of retirement, in order to pour out her heart before the Lord on his behalf. She was called to her rest, and, "with her face glowing like an angel, she committed him to God." She passed away, and left him still an infidel. She was not permitted to see the answer to her prayers, but they had come up as a memorial before the Lord, and the answer which has since appeared is such as, perhaps, even her faith would not have ventured to ask for.

Let us then gather from this narrative new encouragement to pray always, and not to faint, assured that, though we see no present answer, our prayers are not forgot-

ten of Him who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

And has this account of Walter Douglas no lesson for the unconverted reader? How do *you* account for that sudden and complete change in a man's character? The facts are beyond dispute, and the only possible explanation of them is, that "the gospel is *the power of God* unto salvation to every one that believeth."

That gospel, therefore, is suited to our need, for, though we may never sink into a state of outward misery and degradation, at bottom our sin is the same, and we are in equal need of a Saviour. Nothing less than complete cleansing from sin and complete restoration to God can satisfy the deep necessities of human souls. What good news, then, is that which comes to us from the Lord himself, when he invites sinners of every kind to draw near to him, and place

confidence in his love, assured that he will in no wise cast them out! How astonishing that the god of this world should so blind the eyes and hearts of men, as to lead them to reject that salvation which cost the Lord so dear, and which is of infinite value to immortal souls.

If such has been your own conduct, will you not take encouragement from the foregoing narrative to put your trust in Christ? No such evidence is needed to prove the Lord's willingness to save, for when he hung upon the cross he showed himself infinitely willing; but such examples bring home to our minds, with new force, the sublime truth that the gospel is "*the power of God* unto salvation."

Whatever your circumstances may be, whatever your sins, whatever your trials and difficulties, yield yourself absolutely to Christ, and leave the rest to him. Hence-

forth the power of God is on your side; the promises of God are yours; and you shall have a present enjoyment of the peace of God passing all understanding, which is a foretaste and earnest of the bliss of heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

IN respect to two points of great importance — the spiritual condition of New Zealand, and the permanent fruits of the labors described in this narrative — the writer has had the opportunity of consulting an impartial witness, the friend already referred to, who was living in Auckland at the time of Douglas's arrival, and who remained there more than a year after his departure.

Speaking of Auckland and the neighborhood, this witness says that as far as man could judge, about two thirds of those who professed conversion at the evangelist's

meetings have remained steadfast, and are known by their fruits to belong to Christ. The rest were as the stony ground, producing only some leaves of profession which soon withered away.

One result of those meetings was the arousing of members of the churches. Young men who had in some sort believed, received new blessing, and began earnest work for the Lord. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that a few open-air preachers who had been accustomed to hold one service on Sunday in the streets of Auckland, had such an increase of their numbers that they were enabled to form three or four bands of preachers to go into different parts of the city. According to recent letters from the colony this work is still continued.

But, as a whole, there is little earnest effort for the salvation of souls, and evangelistic labor is in a great measure confined

to the Sunday schools. Evangelists, properly so called, there are none.

Too many ministers and churches are in a state of slumber, and a strong sectarian spirit separates them from each other. The services and meetings are devoid of power, and conversions are scarcely believed in, or looked for. If so little influence is exerted upon those within the walls of the churches, it cannot be wondered at that people outside are left to perish. Numbers of the settlers live four or five miles from a place of worship, and if they are disposed to travel that distance, they may go many times without hearing a preacher.

For example, one family has lived nine years in the bush, and during that time has only heard three preached sermons. The nearest place of worship is five miles distant, and the service usually consists of the reading of prayers and a printed sermon. Let

it not be supposed that such a service as this is to be despised. Any kind of meeting for worship and setting forth the gospel is good, and doubtless the Lord will not withhold his presence from those who assemble in his name; but surely if the church of Christ in New Zealand were alive to its solemn responsibilities, the gospel would be *preached*, and that not by ministers at rare intervals and often unannounced, but in some regular and efficient manner.

It is humiliating to learn that the Roman Catholics are indefatigable visitors, and gain strength in the colony, while the Protestant churches look on with something like indifference.

What New Zealand wants is true servants of Christ, full of the Holy Ghost, and able to endure long and toilsome journeys, to go from town to town, and from station to station through the bush, and preach Christ to

every family. Sectarian feeling would often hinder their work, and they might be compelled to pass many a night without a roof over their heads, — for not every settler would welcome the messenger of Christ, — but surely the Lord would bless them, and they would gather to his fold many of those sheep who are now without a shepherd. May it please the Lord so to revive the New Zealand churches that they may send forth many true evangelists, of whom it may be said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."

Probably no more useful work could be done by Christians going from this country, than to address themselves specially to those in New Zealand who are called by his name, but who follow Him not in the blessed path of self-denial and service which he trod.

As regards the principal Australian colo-

nies, the state of things is somewhat different. The means of communication are better than in New Zealand, railways and good roads being found in many places; but we are not aware that evangelistic agency, such as has been described, and which seems to be peculiarly needed in a new country, has been brought into operation. Godly ministers of the gospel there are, who are laboring earnestly in their important sphere; but there is a work to be done, not only in the large towns, but in the scattered villages and stations, which calls for the labors of itinerant evangelists of the stamp described in the early verses of Luke ix. and x.

Turn in what direction we will, at the antipodes or at home, a boundless field of labor opens up before us. How dreadful the sight of a dying world! and yet how

feeble and faltering the efforts of Christian England on its behalf.

The Lord, in his great mercy, forgive this guilty nation, and turn away his anger from us. May he arouse his church in every land to do his will. And may he be pleased to accomplish speedily his gracious purposes.

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